THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST. SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1524.

Choice Poetry.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How peacefully they rest,
Closed folded there
Upon her little breast,
The one fair hands that never were still before,
But ever up-thrust with his mother's hair,
Or the plaint of her baby in her breast she were
Her heart no more will beat,
Or rest the touch of the cool soft palm
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To know it was with their baby came;
Sweet thoughts that left her eyes as mine
How quiet now the hands
That there from those pressed hands!
But the they do not rise and sink,
With low calm breathing, I should think
That her whole dropped sleeping;
Alas! her deep, too deep
In this her slumber!
Time wears too vaster
The years are so all of one wide space,
That the
Heald but find a little way
Adown the stream of time,
Which flows with such a gentle motion
Lessening their every close.
Ho could
Say to her the past
He did that which was wrong,
And going to the shore
Where yet were no sin,
What could it be that
To cause such as her
No parting did or feel,
No going on in his master's toil;
A step of silver used
Marked the noise with the bird,
Where he was seen no more;
Oh, such were investigation!

For what his journey was, no date
Of earth into his memory bore,
The world was right for him,
He knew not to be gone
Or ever to return;
Or ever to be sorry for that
Or ever to be glad
And going to the shore
Where yet were no sin,
What could it be that
To cause such as her
No parting did or feel,
No going on in his master's toil;
A step of silver used
Marked the noise with the bird,
Where he was seen no more;
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For what his journey was, no date
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The world was right for him,
He knew not to be gone
Or ever to return;
Or ever to be sorry for that
Or ever to be glad

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;

OR,

THE SUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA C. EMBURY, HOWARTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOME IN DAY.

The red that brooded o'er gentle wave
In the calm sweet hour of prayer,
Is cooler summering as it glances,
Where the quiet-colored eyebrow close,
Till only revealed by thousand dances,
And twinkled in the light,
Then red and rose ended after kisses,
Where the sweet lips of the maid
Whose tresses never yet was vain,
Given but once and not often to be had,
And dares one her desperate boon
To do the deed to-night.
Like the interloper gone by her,
Be neither the tempter nor tempted,
Until—until—undiscovered for heaven—
Darkness above—deeper beneath—
Silence of flame—thereof—Death.

Byron.

Immediately upon leaving Squire Darling at the door of his neighbor's residence, Mrs. Somerfield had passed down the long, dividing hall, with the intention of seeking a private interview with Imogene. In truth, Mrs. Somerfield had a very strong desire to see for herself the state of Darling's entrance, of her own creation. What had she, in fact, so perplexing the grand secret of her own life, but to see how completely the health and flesh and beauty—the very life of Imogene's life was "dependent upon the knowledge" of its cause. Her heart was even more than usually oppressed with fear, for the words had been more ominous. Since the preparations for the large dinner party commenced, Mrs. Somerfield had felt her own strength and health, flesh and life had waned with greater and more rapid rapidity. How had Imogene's? Where, she dared hourly. Mrs. Somerfield opened the door of her daughter's chamber and entered. She passed a few steps from the centre of the room, arrested by a still picture—and that picture was Imogene, with her head, as it were, on a tempest.

Imogene's chamber was beautiful and luxurious—as was all that great wealth, an artist's taste, and a mother's love could make it. She was the only child of her parents. Two lofty windows from ceiling to floor, opening on a balcony, commanded a view of the Susquehanna and the mountains beyond. But these windows were now closed by curtains of purple satin damask, lined with orange colored silk. The space between the windows was filled up with a large Egyptian mirror, reflecting a magnificent bed of the richest silver.

Before the latter silver knelt Imogene, her face clasped, her face upturned, her lips slightly apart, her hands extended, her eyes—large, dark, and very singularly beautiful at all times—now filled with a strange, wild, unearthly expression, as if she were communing with spirit and seeing them. Her whole attitude was that of one who is rapt in prayer—her face was that of one who is inspired.

Mrs. Somerfield stood for some moments spell-bound by the sight. Then she advanced

bed, the latter keep stirring. As I learned this between sneezing and somnambulism, I shall get pretty well forward—that's all. There have been only two who began to carry that rendering program—Dryden's well and Jean Jacques (Rousseau); if you had given one of them a form, and the other twenty hundred frames and his mind servant, they would neither have presided, nor commanded, nor written. There are masters of lessons, of conduct of figures, of phrases; as for me, I am a seeker of better. That is my profession. Although I sleep long, I have made explosions, which are related—sometimes! It is right that I should be paid for my work; and a Homme de lettre has a right to live it. Besides, I shall go on working. You will see a good many more. You will see all the dynastics date from mine, upstart and aborted though I be. Knowing, like you, Roly Fariboy, and taken from among the crowd. On that point we may shake hands."

And, stepping close to him, he held out his bald, white hand towards the attenuated and tonsil hand of the Poet, who, perhaps, softened by the kindly tone of this last movement of the Academician, perhaps by an inward recurrence to his own destiny and a sad foreboding of the future lot of Christian socialism, gently gave him the ends of his fingers, with the air of a grandmother making it up with a boy whose she is sorry for having spanked so severely. He never withdrew touch his head with a look of coldness, and I saw a tear start from his fine eyes, and trickle rapidly down his wan and emaciated cheek. To me it seemed like the last farewell of expiring Christianity, leaving the earth to nihilisme and chance.

Miscellaneous.

INCONSISTENCIES OF GENIUS.

The reader may remember an article in our paper, a short time since, headed "Littleness of Great Men," in which some curious anecdotes of the celebrated mathematician Leibnitz were related. The singular meanness which that great man is said to have exhibited in some of his transactions, has brought to our mind many similar acts of littleness and inconsistency which history has recorded of great and good men. It is undoubtedly true that a mean or inconsiderate act or remark sticks to with tenfold power, when coming from a man of great parts; but in the majority cases as of entire bad traits in his character others more susceptible to these weaknesses of human nature than men of less mould. Not give the dazzling talents, but with noble common sense. She endows with a mind fitted to soar among the stars, but leaves it to become the slave of the most servant of passions. She stamps great upon the brow, but leaves the heart open the seal. Lord Paul should become exalted above measure when he was lifted by the third heaven, there was given to him a thorn in the flesh, to remind him that he had not yet risen with the world. So it is with many blessed with unusual intellectual gifts. Their purity acts and many inconsistencies and weaknesses serve to curb their pride, and deter mankind from worshipping them. Perfect wisdom is a law of compensation, and after all perhaps her flavors are not so wrongfully distributed as we are want to imagine. What one craves in one thing is often made up in another.

"A man of brilliant," says Whipple, "is often a man of two natures. These two often clash coldly. Science wrote in praise of poverty, as a noble formed of solid gold, with two millions of pounds but at an usury. Sterne was a very selfish man; yet a writer unexcelled for pathos and charity. Sir Richard Steel wrote carelessly well on temperance, when he was sober. Dr. Johnson's coupon on professions were admirable; put his 'Tea lie, sir!' and 'Tea don't make me stand like patriots, sir!' were too common characteristics of his colleagues. He and Dr. Blackburn were both possessed of the same vice. The report immediately flew, that the king had presented two tuns; a tun-bird, a tun-dish, a Tun-bridge, whose gloomy fancy cast such sombre tinges on life, was in society, a tonic, nearly every customary pulling his hearers with puerile puns. Mrs. Carter, fresh from the stars, each grandeur of the Vigil Thoughts, expressed after a sermon at his Sponsory. 'Madam,' said he, 'there is much difference between writing and being read.' The same poet's favorite theme was the nothing-ness of worldly things, his favorite pursuit was cant and riches. Had Mrs. Carter noticed this incongruity, he might have added, 'Madam, there is much difference between writing fiddle-tee poems and living didactic poems.' Bacon, the most comprehensive and far-seeing mind of modern intellects, and in feeling one of the most benevolent, was meanly and wickedly ambitious of place."

Many other great names might be added to the long inconsistency of human nature, such as Mr. Wopple. Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, expressed very tolerant views of religious differences in religious belief, and condemned the common resort to coercion and violence, for the correction of unbelievers; but he persecuted the Protestants with as much intolerance and severity as he could with conscientiousness. Jeremy Herbert, after completing his classical work—the first in which notes were not relegated to the appendix—took his manuscript, and sawing it in the cashier, devoutly prayed that to grant him a high whether or not to publish it. "I had a most sprightly time words," he adds, "and a less, though pretty gentle muse, came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did not restrain and cause me that I took my petition as granted, and that I had his sage's forehanded, encourage since I resolved to print my book." Here was a man who did not believe it a crime sometimes to maintain necessary, seemed seeing for a moment certainties of the will of heaven respecting the publication of his book!

Even the genius of Shakspeare is not without its shadows. His comic humor, resistful as many of them are, represent the poet in a character in which we do not like to behold him, and we do not even wish, with Mr. Hallam, that he had never written them. His sarcasms and maledictory praise of peaceful beauty in a man seems degrading to his genius, and serves of admiration, and where we find such verses that lower and bring him of his mistress—a married female—accompanying her sober spirit to all the pages of memory, guilty love, and blind misplaced affections, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare, and still more that he should record it in verse which he deemed would transmit to future ages."

Sir Thomas Browne, one of the most learned and original writers of the seventeenth century and early portion of it, which, regardless of the fashionable literature, had grossly obscene—"to those who would attempt to track monkish or romantic allusions, accumulation and affectations. He was a clergyman, but fanciful and free from a sentimentalist, whose pen dropped tenderness and accurate and innocent nature, but had no heartiest and sullen in his intercourse with others. He published a volume of sermons, "but," says the poet Gray, "you see the author often falls up on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience." He does not escape a salient charge of inconsistency. Cowper wondered that he could write put that where his Diamond, could modify.

> "That nasty I to others show,
> That secret close to me."

Nature, in his Essays, has noticed a remarkable instance of this linking of great minds, in the writings and habits of Sir Isaac Newton. He had, when "absorbed in pursuits of the old type of Roman virtue, though himself the most engaging instance of modern study and corruption, he spoke contemptuously of the German corporate, though but one of the official corps of the state, and, omitting proprietorious eloquence and decisive eminence in that purpose, though a model of learned and correctness." To such an illustrious example of the "two natures" Coeln lend support of a great mind, if it sometimes to and explaining them, though somewhat illustrations may be found the minutest page of history. It is not to be that he knew enough to accomplish the follies of the wise, or the weaknesses of the great. Though we do not believe, with Emerson, that "there is at a crisis in every thing that had made it, that we are willing to accept the rumors in despair-ation to rumor them—to condescension; at least till we see a great deal more of science and the final developments.—*Boston Semitics.*

NEW PHASES OF MADNESS.—The little rumor man has got hold of the world's name at last. Madness is my and to everything with an almost sublime gong. We have next *Beauty's power* and *Genius is only a form of madness*, and so on to the limit apparently, and by drawing a young passion from the mere commonplace, Mr. Fowler leaves under the mill unceasingly, till the whole stringings are down.

We expect new specialties it sain to the stone mothers, as much in vogue among superstitions a few years ago. The collector is that the rabbits cost $4 each, while the stone cats nothing but gas cutting; but the former does not impair the fowl, while the latter produces much loss and more. The unsociality will probably be found in the latter social wee-lessness.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ He must be a wise man himself who is capable of distinguishing wise.—*Bruyere.*

JENNY LIND.

[The following is one son from the pen of Jonas Nevin, the deaf and dumb poet:]

Hurrah for Jenny Lind!
The pure is heart and mind,
The lofty and refined,
The generous and kind—
Hurrah for Jenny Lind!

Although to her belong
The highest notes of song,
The compass is more strong
Of her superior mind;
For if both given her part
In every noble heart—
Hurrah for Jenny Lind!

There say that she was given
To us the acts of Heaven,
Now first to earth revealed,
That we may better know
More not this one rejoice,
By into forever sealed;
Yet can her deeds impart
Much to our mind.

As heaven alone could yield

Nor by the wondrous power,
That winds this world of ours,
Does she her voice endow;
She glorious mind and soul
On some have moved.

More potent and refined:
For all thy deeds that grow
And into virtue flow,
I bless thee, Jenny Lind!

ANECDOTES OF CHALMERS.

Some curious anecdotes of Dr. Chalmers are given in the new volume of his life, now on the point of publication. Immediately after his translation to Glasgow a most enthusiastic attachment sprung up between Chalmers, who was then thirty-three years of age, and Mrs. Isabella Smith, the son of his publisher, a young man still in his minority. It was more like a brotherly than friendship. The friends met regularly by appointment, and were so much together, letters were interchanged. The young man died in the course of a few months. A long account of his last was given to Chalmers; and it is noted as a singular fact, showing the intense and lasting nature of his attachment, that the night after having been long laid aside, was removed from his bed to the sofa, and during the night, a period of more than thirty years. * * *

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING-POST

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Important Bill.

THE SOLDIERS' BOUNTY LAND BILL,

AS IT PASSED BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

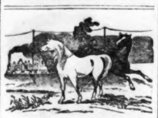
As this Act interests a very great number of persons, in various sections of the country, we have thought it well to publish it at length. The fourth section originally read as follows:

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted, &c.*, That all sales, mortgages, letters of attorney, or other instruments of writing, going to affect the title or claim to any warrant or certificate issued, or to be issued, or any land granted, under the provisions of this act, *made or executed prior to the issue* [OF THE PATENT] *shall be null and void, to all intents and purposes, whatsoever, &c.*

The Engrossing Clerk, in engrossing the Bill for final passage, either inadvertently—or, as some suppose, at the instigation of land speculators—left out the words "OF THE PATENT," and the bill was passed as it came from his hands. The *mistake*, however, will probably make but little difference, on account of a line in Sec. 3, (italicized below).

The Secretary of the Department of the Interior, A. H. H. Stewart, announces that he has caused all the necessary forms and instructions to guide claimants in applying for and obtaining their rights to be prepared, and they are now in [illegible]

General News.



POLITICAL.

N. Y. Whigs.—All the Whig papers in the State of New York but five, support the Syracuse nominations.

Free Soil Convention.—A Massachusetts Free Soil Convention, recently assembled in Boston. Mr. H. C. Phillips, of Salem, was nominated for Governor. Chas. Francis Adams, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported a series, which condemn in strong terms, many of the recent compromise measures adopted by Congress, and urge the continuance of free soil agitation, and opposition to Fillmore's administration. The Fugitive Slave Bill was warmly denounced.

South Carolina.—Seventy-one planters of St. Helena Parish have pledged themselves never to employ any coaster owned by a citizen of the North, or manned by a Northern crew, to take any part of their products to the city of Charleston or elsewhere. This is much better than seceding from the Union.

Michigan.—Jeremiah Moore, who was recently nominated as the Whig candidate for County Judge, in Wayne County, Michigan, has declined the honor, giving as a reason that he considers himself "wholly incompetent to perform the duties of the office if elected." The good sense indicated by this declination is of rare occurrence.

New York.—The "Liberty Party" men of New York—the Gerritt Smith portion of them—have nominated the following ticket for the Presidency:

For President—Gerritt Smith, white man.

For Vice President—Samuel Ward, black man.

[illegible]

The Union in the South.—A great Union meeting was held at Macon, Georgia, on the 28th ult., at which Judge T. G. Holt presided. Among the resolutions adopted was one that the citizens of Bibb County, pledge "their time, talents, means, and, if necessary, their lives," in defence of the Union. A similar meeting very largely attended, was held at Jackson, Miss., lately. Five hundred citizens signed the call for this meeting.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 190—adults 93, and children 89.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 5.

There is less movement in Cotton, there being more sellers than buyers. About 500 bales were disposed of at steady prices. Sales of the week 8,700 bales.

Ashes are the same, with sales 129 bbls.

There is less movement in Flour, but no important change can be noticed in the rates. No fresh ground can be picked up below $4,56. Sales 7,500 bbls at $4,56a4,62½ for common to straight State; $4,50a4,62½ for mixed and choice Michigan, and $4 9a5 for pure Genesee. In addition to the above, 500 bbls common Canadian sold at $4,62½.

Southern rules dull, and market without change; 500 bbls sold at yesterday's rates.

Rye Flour and Corn Meal remain as last noticed, and quiet.

Grain.—Wheat is rather dull; sales 5,000 bushels white Michigan, to arrive, at $1,08, and 3,000 heated Ohio at private bargain. Rye rules quiet; sales 2,600 bushels at 70c. For Corn the market is heavy; sales 9,000 bushels at 6[illegible] for mixed and 65 for weevily Southern. Oats are without change.

Whiskey—Sales 100 bbls at 27½c.

Freights—The market is easier; 1,000 bbls Flour were taken for Liverpool at 1s 4d.

Naval Stores—Sales 600 bbls common Rosin at $1 25, and 200 bbls Spirits at 34[illegible].

Lead—The demand is good, and the sales are 3,000 pigs lower Mine at $4,57½a4,60.

Provisions—There is a heavy feeling in Pork; some 300 bbls sold at $11, and $8,37 for Mess and Prime. Buyers of large parcels do not offer anything like these figures.

In Beef the sales are but 60 bbls at former rates.

Cut Meats rule steady. Sales 80 hhds short sides at 4½c.

Lard is not very active, and I hear of but 300 bbls at 7a7½, and 300 kegs at 7½; most holders of lots are asking 7½c.

Changes of Weather and Catching Cold.—It should be remembered that a cough is an evidence that some impurity is lodged in the lungs.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the very best medicines in the world for carrying off a cold; because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause of coughs, consumption, difficulty of breathing, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other dangerous complaints. Three or four of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills taken on going to bed, will in all cases give relief; and, if the [illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Clippings.

☞ "Knowledge is power," wrote the great Lord Bacon. "Knowledge is power," complacently exclaimed a gentleman the other day, when strong men having failed, he released a lap-dog from the teeth of a huge mastiff, by quietly administering to the latter a pinch of snuff!

☞ Coleridge once gravely recommended a Canterbury attorney of his acquaintance to take a house in the Cathedral precincts, in order that the constant contemplation of a large object might neutralize the contracting influence of professional habits upon his mind.

☞ Bath, Maine, one of the sea-coast cities of the "Down-East" State, has, by the present census, a population of 8,020 inhabitants. The increase in ten years past has been 3,477, or 76 per cent.

☞ An Irishman writing from California says—It's an illegant country. The bed-bugs are as big as dinner-pots, while the fleas are used for crossing creeks with—one hop and they are over, with two on their backs.

☞ Benevolence.—A director of one of our banks not only gave a cent to a beggar the other day, but he told him to keep the change.—There's a heart as is a heart.

☞ When Dr. Francis visited the birth-place of Robert Burns, he said to the widow of the immortal bard,—"Your husband, madam, was a magnificent poet; his name is well known and honored throughout America; he was truly a great genius." "I have been told so *since his death*," was the reply.

☞ Mrs. Siddons, having occasion to call on Dr. Johnson, and his servant not immediately bringing her a chair, the learned Doctor observed,—"You see, madam, wherever you go, how difficult it is to procure a seat."

☞ A blacksmith, who was advised to bring a suit for slander, said he could go into his shop and hammer out a better character in six months than all the Courts in Christendom could give him.

☞ The Captain of a steamer in England has been sentenced to seven years' transportation for being asleep when his boat was wrecked, and his mate to eighteen months' imprisonment for steering out of the safest course for the pur[illegible]

[illegible]

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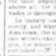

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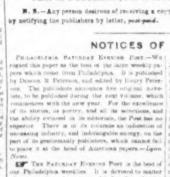

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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

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The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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Selected Poetry.

THE SINGER.

Unto the loud acclaim that rose
To greet her at the outer door,
She bent with lowly grace that seemed
Such tribute to decline.
With arms sewn folded on her breast
And drooping head, she stood.
Then raised a glance that seemed to plead
For mercy, and a moment's
A call, beseeching call, it took,
As if of her own will
The kindness to her heart she took,
And put the homage by.

She stood dejected then, methought,
A Captive, though a Queen,
Before the throng, whose sudden pause
A clamor seems to have.
Unto her fall dishing eyes,
Unto her slender head,
There came a light of sovereignty,
A gracious of command
And, to her lip, an eager flow
Of song, that seemed to bear
Her soul away on rushing wings
Into its native air;
Her eyes met mine! her cheek flushed bright;
With power she seemed to call
Before her startled vision Scotland,
The radiant Queen of all.
There was no pride upon her brow,
No remark in her breast;
Her singing soul had won its home,
And smiled there as at rest.
She felt no more those boisterous eyes
Upon her—she had gained
A region where they could not reach
The joy she had attained!
Yet, now she spoke her native speech,
An utterance though with spoils
To waken the echoes of the hour!
Within their slumber-cells;
For at her weird and gladsome strain,
The spirit was subdued
By windings of a silver chain,
On many a long-lost bard,
And many a youth beholden sigh,
And starting tear, revealed
How surely at her touch the springs
Of feeling were unsealed!
They who were always loved, seemed now
Yet more than ever loved,
Yet closer to the heart they came,
That ever were so near!
And, trembling to the silent lips,
As if they ne'er had ceased,
They seem returned a kindness back,
The severed and estranged
And to the strain, like those that fall
On wanderers valley rose,
The kindred spirit found once more
Its country and its home!

She ceased, yet on her parted lips
A happy music clung,
As if the exercise of her song
Yet lingered whence it flowed;
But, for a while, her dream was moved,
She was that scene no more,
The light was dimmed, she stood
As one had stood before;
Uplifted, subdued to her own
The electric of rapture came,
A wave that soon more powerful
Than only spoke her name.
Then, as a mother to her child,
Fell many a bright bouquet;
A sought shower in silence given,
Was once more sweet than they;
Her home had left her heart, it seemed,
To deep forever gone,
Its wonted gift of flowers was here,
The Muse for the One

Even time, oh, Lords, believe thee
The Fire Nagers stood,
And hear the acts upon their reign
I can no better find
And even time, with kind attention,
The years of toil set,
Is dealt to those who only spread
The language of the heart;
While they who love and listen best,
Can find no other share
The wounds that from the finger's heart
Have fallen—success or fear—
They know our mysterious magic song
From comfort and from care,
They know the medicine songs they sing,
Are but the finger's tie.

Pictures of Life.

MIRABEAU.

AN ANECDOTE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

[The following, from "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," goes to confirm the common opinion that Mirabeau was a man of great intellect and energy, but of marvellous little conscience.]

The public life as well as the private character of Mirabeau are necessarily known; but the following anecdote has not, we believe, been noticed in any of the biographies. The particulars were related to the chief Intendant to M. de Guilhiane, Advocate-General in the Parliament of Provence, when he was retained for the defence of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. de Guilhiane afterwards followed the Revolution into exile, and returned with them in 1814; and it is on his testimony that the story is given to the world.

Mirabeau had just been released from the prison of the Castle of Vincennes, near Paris. He had been confined there for three years and a-half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, a *lettre-de-cachet*. His imprisonment had been of a most painful nature; and it was prolonged at the instance of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being succeeded to his father, the enthusiast terminated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.

One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris. And it was settled that he should go on a visit to his maternal uncle, Comte de Saint, whose estate was situated a few leagues from the city of Lorraine, the Capital of the Lorraines. Accordingly, the latter went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they passed their journey of state with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient mansion created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighborhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on account of his literary merits, but also for his genial pleasantry; and they hastened to the visitor on contemplating a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were more sportsmen, whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost a vain to seek for any other book than their local almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to barter away their lives, talk about their feral affairs, drink abominably, and wash down their food with strong Auvergne wine.

Count de Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbors. He had seen the world, he commissioned a regiment, and at that period his richness was perhaps the most circumscribed country gentleman in the Lorraines. People came from a considerable distance to visit the hospitable chateau; among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial nobility, clad in their quaint costume. At that period, indeed, the young Limosine nobleman, when they passed their regiments, in full their sword and epaulettes for some time, were only slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cultivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—commanded the most conspicuous post in this society, and many of the component members would have heavily reached the dead degrees in the scale of ennui. Yet, his vigorous frame—his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frontier; and his large face, indented with scars, and surmounted with mane, like effect of a lion—his colossally treated in his embossed; his piercing eyes, the reduction of the tumultuous passions as we within his breast, whether expressed, extended in turn scorn, disdain, indignation, sarcasm—in fine, a man exactly adapted to call forth, but in an exaggerated style, giving him understood the air of a character—a part of with embroidery, large lace, and ruffles in short, the extraordinary-looking individual introduced the country-house with his usual vivacity and much. But when his immense voice was heard, and his strongly marked features fell under the subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustics between fell as though they were in the presence of a supernatural being, and a deep and according to their several impressions, they were compelled either to bet down at his feet, or to exercise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, these men who seemed to belong to the primitive ages; to simple, timid, and at the same time credulous, were they. Their shadows He listened to their conversations. Which generally turned upon the seasons, the supplies of forage, or the excellence of their horses, or whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; manufactures in boundaries, and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good-nature.

This unostentatious life was, however, frequently interrupted by Mirabeau's visits to his brother-in-law's apartment. He found him fast asleep, and he seemed bent on waking him rather violently before he could rouse him.

"Come, come, brother! What's there? What do you want with me?" cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

"What do you want? I want to tell you that you are a wretch!"

"A low compliment, truly," replied Mirabeau, with the greatest coolness. "It must scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me; go away and let me sleep."

"Can you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you post the money? Why did you not put it in the supper-table?"

"I was not strong—tired—harrassed; I had been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep; do you hear me? Go, and let me sleep, all night."

"I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. Did you not promise me that you would not touch the money? Did you not give me your word of honor?"

"I say, you! look you," says Dodge, moving slowly and unsteadily up the table, "I say you, I don't know nothing about knots, but I'm willing to risk a heap of money on that 'ere knot."

"Very well—I'm with you, stranger!" exclaimed Stoney, snapping his fingers. "There's plenty more money where this came from, and the sooner we tie it up the better. Here, you! I'll wash, I will only just see if it's all right, and then I'll be with you." Stoney left the room, and Dodge, with a very firm if, unsteady hand, began to tie the knot. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often had given proofs that when his own rights were concerned, it must be admitted that he took the rears of laughter at what would have appeared like the very good-humoredly.

Could the thief have been suspected at this sudden change in his friend's manner, both have acted after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to attain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted ill-humor; "answer me, I say, you villain, you!" he cried.—Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling lies—that I was mad, or you are pleased to call them; and perhaps this time we might fall out.

"What do you mean by that? come! Can't do that," this seems to be a serious affair. Am I not concerned in both your present interests?"

"Not exactly you but—"

"What does this but mean? Has it anything to do with myself? Explain yourself."

"Not the least in the world. Mirabeau, you know, is not to be considered in the matter but—"

"But—but—but! you tire me out with your but. Are you possessed? will to worry me with your mysteries? Tell me at once what has occurred that has happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I am mistaken."

"Frightened—and at what? By whom? I know you are not a coward. Have not perhaps this painful state of uncertainty."

"Nothing—I really wish me to speak out?"

"Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship."

"Well, then, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your chateau."

"Stopped! In what way? By whom?"

"Why, stopped; as people are stopped by footpads. A gun was levelled at me; I was pulled off my horse, ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. I have not any more questions."

"Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Can you describe him again and general appearance?"

"Why, I—I will not."

"Speak—speak; you cannot surely wish to screen a villain who has robbed you."

"No; but if the vast manufacture should be—"

"If he were my own son, I should insist upon his being punished."

"Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was like—like—like—I can't say exactly who he was like, but I am sure that I should not be mistaken; and, as I said before—"

"Impossible—no, it cannot be. Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You are mistaken, my good friend."

"Certainly—certainly."

"You do not agree with any more of this," said Count de Saillant. "We will return to the chateau, and I will order the horses to be got ready immediately. I will, I shall set you down on the road; I will so manage that your absence shall not be known before day. Let us go."

"Nay, nay, I am not sleepy; I am very comfortable—the drawing room, on a stool—I will not hear of it."

The visitor succeeded in retaining his extraordinary host in the drawing room, and in the course of the next half hour, by the most extraordinary efforts of his powerful conversation, he again succeeded in making him forget the cause of his uneasiness. He had recall was, that a plot was agreed upon for carrying the mystery, by which Mirabeau was to be carried off in the course of the evening. Count de Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbors. He had seen the world, he commissioned a regiment, and at that period his richness was perhaps the most circumscribed country gentleman in the Lorraines. People came from a considerable distance to visit the hospitable chateau; among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial nobility, clad in their quaint costume. At that period, indeed, the young Limosine nobleman, when they passed their regiments, in full their sword and epaulettes for some time, were only slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

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Wit and Humor.

"DODGING" THE GAMBLERS;

OR,

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE TICKET.

O. F. Dodge, the violinist, who paid $632 for the first choice of a seat at Jenny Lind's Boston concert, appears to be a man of infinite will and the New York Spirit of the Times tells a laughable story of his taking in three Monmouth gamblers, who had been "dodging" him for a short while past, pretending to be a half witted Yankee rustic, whereupon the confederates received the bonus; and accordingly upon some circumstance, he found himself in a play at a game called "Changing Jack." The Spirit of the Times thus gives the story denouement, which is as follows:

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"Very well—I'm with you, stranger!" exclaimed Stoney, snapping his fingers. "There's plenty more money where this came from, and the sooner we tie it up the better. Here, you! I'll wash, I will only just see if it's all right, and then I'll be with you." Stoney left the room, and Dodge, with a very firm if, unsteady hand, began to tie the knot. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often had given proofs that when his own rights were concerned, it must be admitted that he took the rears of laughter at what would have appeared like the very good-humoredly.

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Miscellaneous.

SENATOR FOOTE.

It is a great mistake to underrate Foote. Had the people at the North think him a little eccentric, they do so. I have learned to look on the course of my life, the danger of encountering just such fools as he is. Foolish, vain and frivolous he may be in many respects, but essentially loving and tenacious he certainly is, either; I have found him so. He is a man of strong and much for consistency. The metaphors in a strong degree, and I have often thought that he was a fool, and to shake him off as a nuisance. But here comes her tale: he won't be shaken off. Just as hard as any thing that is to be found, he will adhere a bramble or a bottle attachment is. He is a man of strong will, and when he has once got his teeth into a thing, he will not let go, though the harder you shake the closer he clings. He is a man of strong self-esteem and of great assurance, not mentioned, I believed, among the numerous schools of the closest Greeks, but a perfect match for Southern timber. Some of these say the" phlegmatic never runs out. You may beat him to argument and reasoning, and he will be a man of self complacency at the completeness of his victory. He is a man of considerable self-esteem and the same as if you had not knocked his brains out before. You may turn the laugh on him and he will laugh with you, but he will not be ashamed. He never knows it, but gets up and goes home as before. He is a man of much self-esteem, and he will throw back again; make up on your toes, at the nick of time, you answer him with a blow, and he will not be ashamed of himself, and he will prosecute you with continuous assaults, until, some day when a page has just been turned, he will find you have left a blank